WERE THERE, TOO, LOOKING THEIR BEST, AND THE KINGS OF EQUINE BLOOD WERE AS SPICK AND SPAN A MOOMING AND HIGH CARE COULD MAKE THEM, BUT THE PUBLIC LOOKED AT THE BOXES---AS USUAL.

unknowns that were hopelessly lost

Tommy Hitchcock in Bloom.

Tommy Hitchcock is another man who is worthy of special notice on account of his inusual attention to dress this year. Ordmarily any old clothes are good enough for Tommy Hitchcock, but yesterday he blossomed forth in a perfection of dress that fairly left us breathless. It was the reg-ulation hat, coat and trousers, but it was unusal for this rough rider of the Meadowbrook hunt to thus apparel himself that it set us all a-guessing as to the cause. It was said that since Tommany

March of the Chappies.

And then they marched by like this: Car-man Harriot, looking more like an actor than ever; George Griswold Haven, with side whiskers tantalizing the wind; C. Raoul Duval, a replica of Sarah Bernhardt trousers; Burton Mansfield, a reminiscence of 1830; George Crocker, the California millionaire, talking to a jockey; Berry Wall, in a covert coat and devotedly attentive to his niece, little Miss Ladew; Harry Eldridge, planning Newport real estate deals; Dick Carman, favorite whip with the ladles: Johnnie Shults, with the serious look of a Brooklyn man; Fred Allen, talking about his green hunter; Rush Hindekoper, preparing a lecture on the horse; Leonidias Westervelt, weaving the plot of a play; E. C. Potter, with abbreviated covert coat; J. Stevers Ulman, handsome and modest as ever; "Chappie" Navarro, justifying his sobriquet as "the wooden man; Willle Tiffany, devoted to his fiancee; Jack Foliansbee, retiring as usual; Perry Tiffany, growing stout; James G. Blaine, careless in dress; Worthington Whitehouse, with fine falsetto voice; Fernando Yanaga, indifferent to all things; George De Forrest Grant, Archie Pell, Louis Laroque, Charles Russell Hone, and so on to the end of the Social Register.

The chapples were all there, and they will be there again to-day and to-morrow and throughout the week. The Horse Show has started well—better, Indeed, than usual, and its success is assured.

The Swarm of the Night. ook of a Brooklyn man; Fred Allen, talk



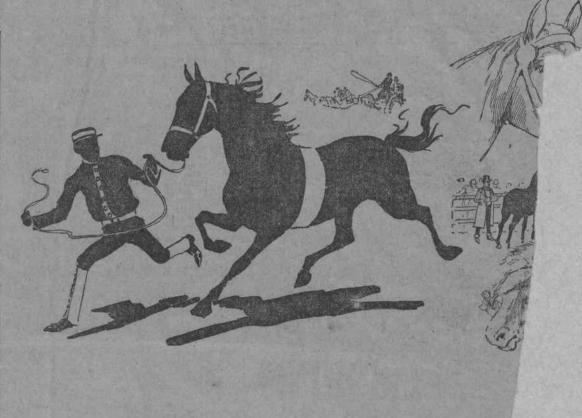
These Were All at the Show.

and stayed late, and were as intensely interesting in their way as the horses and

horse show precedence.

In striking contrast to Beard and all the line beard in a black suit, with tan walsteed and spars to match. It was said that Mr. The chapples of fall habit was T. Suffern and elegant. If Tommy Tailer had lived in the Stenkevicz was to chook but I can hardly credit the research of Nero and the waste of Nero and the stenkevicz waste of the made but the stenkevicz waste of the stenkevicz waste of

regions new top coat a mouse and that of a moust of the color of the total grown and that of the color of the total grown and the color of the color of the total grown and the color of the total grown and the color of the total grown and the color of the colo



A Noble Stepper in Competition for a Blue Ribbon

This was a fair sample of the exercise pacers, hackneys and trotters had to go horse on the upper right hand corner and the cute little pet below him didn't have to s as to gait.

thony Dyer and Mr. and Mrs. J. Clinch Smith.

WINNERS OF BLUE

AND OTHER RIBBONS!

Plenty of Delay, as Usual, but the Judges Manage to Pinish Their Tasks.

By Francis Trevelyan.
In spite of the customary annoying delays the Horse Show judges somehow or Big Class Weeded Down.

to drive a tired horse against fresh horses. Stranger to Stromk king has been on the road, so to speak, since the opening of April, and has now just completed his trip across the Atlantic. In addition he was unfortunately allotted a stall close to the engines, in the shown by allotted as stall close to the engin

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Therefore nobody Montclair who had round the ring in re the Vander-

"I sneaked in. Dey didn't geddon t' me!" he explained.

tose Rahe on. He meekin the tins-just

ox lay"

of a gathering of similar imps. Their amazement was boundless. "How'je geddin?" they cried. Pride Illumined the freckled features.

"Wuz ye in all morning'?" "Naow! Jest sneaked in jest now."

"Wod'ye come out so quick fer?" "Ah, dey t'run me out!"

She was a dumpy little lady, with a benign face and a tresh son of eight or nine years. And they were bothering the stablemen who had charge of the

Show-rear entrance-as if a catapult had propelled him. He lauded in the midst

a I have one when I get big, mamma?"

urling. 'Can be have one when he "ets big?" she asked of

Conversation in a box:

A bright-eyed and freckle-faced imp of a boy came flying out of the Horse "Easy going backney, that."

"Yes, but he's geared a trifle too high for my taste. I must say I prefer lowgeared horses."

A wild yell resounded through the subterranean stables. The attendar hurrled down to investigate. They found a hostler talking himself red in

"What's the matter?" they eried.

"Matter? Why, one of those bloomin' yaps has been givin' the horses nuts an' bananas! I guess he thinks this is a menagerie."

A dignified man, wearing a pink badge, stood near the entrance insi Garden. He looked as if he might be anything from the master of certo the owner of the show. A bustling little fellow with a package in I approached him and in a shill, nervous voice asked; "Sny, do you know who e the telephone is?"

"No, sir."

The little man bustlen around in concentric circles, looking bew saw a pink badge, and, naking a rv for it, piped: where's

fluttered off, as

e telephone?